

Good Morning, Children!

Let us cast our pearls of pure and bright thought and fine example with lavish generosity before these little ones lest they grow into those coarse men and women of which swine have well been called the symbols, and before whose gross maturity it would be mad recklessness to cast them.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

READING MATTER SELECTED ESPECIALLY FOR THEM.

More About Blackbeard.—William Witherforce.—Puzzle Column.—Letter From Father Times.

expressed.

"I cannot understand at all
The way mamma goes on.
When I climb trees or chase the dogs
And have the greatest fun,
She'll sternly say, 'Now, Arabella, don't
you know
A great big girl like you should not
act so?'"

"But when I want some jewelry—
A bracelet or some pretty rings—
Or maybe nothing but a hat,
With flowers and bows and things,
Or sometimes, just because I want my
hair in curl,
She'll say, 'That is not nice for such a
little girl.'"
—Clara J. Denton in Puck.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

About a Drinking Cup With a Silver Rim.
(Concluded.)

"It was on the 21st of November that the English ship entered Pamlico Bay, and there, sure enough, was the vessel they sought, anchored in a most excellent position for an assault.

"Evidently, no thought of being attacked had ever entered the minds of the pirate crew, and now, no doubt, they were indulging in some wild drinking bout, and without proper watch were making merry with their drink and games.

"Lieutenant Maynard's men were a well-drilled crew, and eager and anxious were they to rush at once into battle with this common enemy to men of their craft, but caution was deemed best, and slowly, cautiously, stealthily, they crept nearer and nearer their foe.

"For some little while their approach seemed to be unnoticed, and closer and closer they drew. Then suddenly out upon the air rang a loud yell, succeeded by another and another, and almost instantly it seemed the deck of the pirate vessel was filled with wild, excited men.

"Blackbeard could easily be distinguished in the crowd, by his commanding presence and evident use of authority. The men flew here and there, while Blackbeard, standing in one position, was seen every now and then to pour something out of a black bottle into a cup and drain it eagerly down. Having at last drunk enough to make himself perfectly reckless, regarding his own life, and that of his crew, he gave his last possible to save the boat," he shouted, order over and over again: "If it be let the devils get on board, then set fire to the powder-magazine, and we will all go to hell together!"

"A blood-curdling laugh burst from his lips, and he again drained the cup filled from the black bottle. There was no time for flight. Already the firing had begun, and the struggle was one for life or death. Like men, mad and wild, they fought for a while, but 'Glory to God,' the English sailors shouted as through the almost blinding smoke they saw how rapidly the men on the pirate vessel were falling. 'Glory to God, who causeth the wicked to fall! A round or two more, boys, and the vessel will be ours!"

"Right gloriously they fought, and soon they were on the enemy's ship, and now were fighting hand to hand.

"Set fire to the powder!" shouted again and again the Pirate King, who having fought like one of the furies, now lay wounded and bleeding on the deck of his vessel. But terror had seized the few survivors of the fight, and powerless to act, they failed to execute their captain's command. Like one crazed with rage at their disobedience, he, with a last convulsive effort, sprang to his feet, and drew his pistol, and there, facing him, stood Maynard. For a moment only they stood so, then out upon the air rang two shots. One, made with unsteady aim, caused a quiver in the water; the victim of the other lay at Maynard's feet, and Blackbeard, the pirate, was no more!"

"Hurrah for the Englishman," cried Hal, excitedly, now sitting up and clapping his hands tightly around his knees. "I knew he was going to get him. I reckon that was a pretty fight now, between those two right there on deck. Guess the other fellows stood still to watch it, don't you, grandpa?" "I bet they didn't," answered Lizbeth, raising her head from the depths of grandpa's shoulder where it had been hidden during the account of the fight. "I reckon they every one wished they were home—I know I would—but I don't see what all this has got to do with this funny looking cup."

Grandpa smiled softly. "I haven't got to that part yet, and," looking at the clock, "if I am to get through by supper I must hurry along."

"Well, as I said, Blackbeard was dead, and great, of course, was the rejoicing in the old borough when the news reached it, and now everybody began to get ready for the royal welcome to be given Lieutenant Maynard and his bold crew."

"On the day on which it had been announced that the victorious little band would reach the capital, the town was

early astir. Flags and various other decorations were flying in every direction, and the Governor, arrayed in courtly apparel, together with the members of the House of Burgesses, stood ready to receive them.

"The streets were lined with the townspeople wandering from place to place, in hope of hearing something of the arrival, and all the air was full of excitement and commotion.

"Presently a cry was heard; then a blast of music. 'They're coming—they're coming! the victors are coming!' was shouted from one end of the street to the other, and now all press forward eagerly to catch the first glimpse. The Governor and his staff hold themselves, if possible, in a still more dignified position, and all wait breathlessly and anxiously for the incoming party.

"Truly it was a right queer sort of procession, and while the men cheered and hurrahed lustily, many of the women covered their eyes with their hands and some even fainted at the ghastly sight. At the head of the procession marched two men, holding tightly the bowsprit of their vessel, and there on its end was the head of Blackbeard, the pirate! His long black hair and beard made the face by contrast frightful in its pallor, the eyes protruded from their sockets, and the tongue hung limply from the mouth. Little children cried in terror and hid their faces in their mother's skirts, but the men and boys seemed to enjoy the sight immensely.

"Right behind the men holding the bowsprit, marched thirteen members of the pirate crew. These had been taken unharmed and now as they walked with their looks and downcast heads, they presented a sad spectacle, for well all knew what would be their fate.

"Behind these came Maynard, on a snow-white horse, with his faithful band of followers forming a proud and happy escort. As he came in sight cheer after cheer broke upon the air, and women clapped their hands, and courtesied low, and children screamed his name, but to one and all he gave the same acknowledgment, a courteous inclination of his head and a respectful raising of his hat.

"Right honorably he was received by 'Good Governor Spotwood' and right merrily did they make that night, when, gathered round the hospitable board, the brave Lieutenant gave in simple, manly words an account of his perilous expedition.

"It was but a short trial that decided the fate of the thirteen captured pirates, and without waiting for a Friday, they were hung, with right good will and no regret, on the third day after their arrival.

"After this important and very necessary proceeding, as 'twas thought, all the great people in the town began to vie with one another in doing honor to the brave young officer, and night after night ended in revelry and rejoicing. But it was the grand ball of the Governor and his lady, given in honor of Lieutenant Maynard, that caused so great commotion in the town, for it was a most imposing affair, and all the big people in the neighborhood were there. The Governor and his wife, 'tis said, made a most beautiful sight as they stood to receive their guests, for both were dressed in all the gorgeous fashion of the day, but hardly brighter did his diamond buckles flash than shone his eyes, when in presence of all the people he requested Lieutenant Maynard to step forward and then and there he made him a fine speech.

"He commended his bravery and daring and thanked him for his most invaluable service, and therewith presented him with a beautifully polished drinking cup, heavily rimmed with silver, and it was then whispered all around, and afterwards throughout the town, and by the Governor himself it was not denied, that 'twas made from the skull of Blackbeard, the pirate."

Hal gave a prolonged whistle as his grandfather finished his last sentence, and Lizbeth raised her head suddenly and pointed to the cup upon the table.

"You don't mean that that's the very cup?" she almost whispered. "Way, grandpa, I believe I'm half afraid of it," and she clutched him closely around the neck. Hal took it up in his hands and began examining it with renewed interest, while Lizbeth watched him anxiously.

"I don't think I like that story very much," she added, after a pause. "I think it's rather horrid, and I wouldn't drink out of that cup for a dollar. Do you reckon it really was made out of his skull?"

Grandpa laughed softly as he pinched her ear. "I don't blame you for not liking it, Lizbeth. It isn't a nice one for little girls, but at the time of which I have been telling you, the story of the capture of this famous pirate was carried far and near, and not long after the presentation of this cup, made of such unusual material, a ballad was daily sung upon the streets and in the homes of the good people, of Williamsburg; a ballad entitled 'Blackbeard, the Pirate,' and 'twas written 'tis said, by a printer's apprentice, one Benjamin Franklin, of Boston."

Hal looked up questioningly in his grandfather's face at the mention of so famous a name, while Lizbeth slipped down from her seat. "Oh, I know about him," she began, smoothing out the creases in her gown. "He wrote an Almanac. But, grandpa, when you tell my story please don't have any fighting and killing and things like that in it, and you needn't look like that at me, Hal. I know I'm a girl without your looking it at me, and you ain't obliged to come and hear it; is he, grandpa?" and Lizbeth ran quickly

out of the room to get ready for supper, for which the first bell had just rung.
MRS. K. L. BOSHER.

WILLIAM WITHERFORCE.

The Boyhood of An Illustrous Philanthropist.

To-day, small people, let us have a talk regarding the childhood of a man whose glory rests upon the fact that he was good, sympathetic, generous, the uplifter and servant of his fellowmen.

Looking into the dictionary for the meaning of the rather long word "philanthropist" we find it defined as "one who loves or wishes well to his fellowmen." How glorious then to so live as to become famous purely for loving and for helping.

This great man was an Englishman, and was born on the Twenty-fourth of August, 1759. He died on July 29, 1833, and no man ever lived who within the span of seventy-four years did more to alleviate the sufferings of the weak and to elevate the race.

He was an extremely delicate and fragile little fellow, but possessed a fine mind and great sweetness of nature. Often suffering keenly himself, pain seems to have given him a wondrously swift and keen sympathy with the sufferings of others, and it is related that upon the occasion of the serious illness of his mother, when he was little more than a baby, a guest at the house was greatly struck by his attentiveness to her. Taking off his tiny shoes for fear he might disturb the sufferer he would frequently enter her room, gently move aside the curtain and inquire in the softest tone conceivable, "Are you better to-day?"

At the age of seven he was sent to the grammar school at Hull, at which he became quite celebrated for his elocutionary powers, which were of so excellent a kind that the young student was frequently made to stand upon a table and read aloud for the benefit of the other and less gifted boys.

Later he was sent to another school whose master, a Scotchman with red beard, appears to have made a very deep impression upon his memory, and where he was what was known as a parlor boarder. His stay here is worthy of note, principally because it was while here that an incident occurred which he declares had great influence in the formation of his character, and consequently upon his splendid career.

While upon a holiday visit to his aunt, she made him a present of quite a large sum of money—large, that is, for a lad at school—requesting him to give part of it to the poor. This little injunction seems to have been, in the hands of a wise Providence, a grain of mustard seed which was to grow into great results.

Looking forward we find that what marked his youth especially were quickness and strength of mind, a loving and sympathetic heart, a reverent and devout nature. The gaiety and social pleasure in which he indulged only served to increase his power of usefulness, not to tempt him from great objects.

He was especially celebrated for his efforts to abolish the English slave trade, against which he is said to have written a stirring letter to an English paper at the age of fourteen. But his efforts were not limited to this. He was the friend of the poor, the helper of the needy, the uplifter of the fallen. His name is one of the greatest and most honored on the rolls of time.—Southern Churchman.

PLAYTIME LEFT OUT.

The German Girl Is Kept Busy From Morning Till Night.

A German matron rouses her daughter of sixteen at 7 o'clock in the morning, summer or winter. Half an hour later she must be at breakfast, serving her brothers and sisters, after seeing that they are properly dressed for school. Rid of the young folks, she must make her bed and clean and dust the whole of the rooms of the house by 10 A. M.

On three days of the week she sets out for the dressmaker's and learns the business until noon. On the other three days she practices on the piano and learns English. Twice a week the hour from 12 to 1 is devoted to music lessons. At 1:20 dinner is finished, and the girl must herself put away and lock up the remains, after which she is allowed to read some entertaining book or play piquet or dominoes with her father. From 2:30 until 4 o'clock she does plain sewing. The whole family then take coffee and walk for an hour and a half.

At 6 her father pounces upon the unfortunate girl and gives her a subject in history, geography or literature, on which to write a theme in the space of an hour without book or assistance. The young lady must next prepare tea to which the family sit down at 7 o'clock punctually.

After that she may take up her embroidery or crochet, and the family read aloud by turns till 9 o'clock, when the poor eldest daughter is sent to bed.

OUR PRIZE PUZZLES.

Only Two More Sundays in This Month, Remember.

298.—Buried Square Word.

In the following sentence find a buried square word of four letters.

"People seem joyous at Christmas time. Even should it be a bleak raw day, and dark clouds, lo, every one can enjoy the dazzling shop windows even in spite of the immediate emptiness of his pocket."

299.—An Old Puzzle.

A man once went to buy a pair of boots.

"How much for this pair?" he asked. "Five dollars," said the shoemaker. So the purchaser took out his pocket-book and handed the shoemaker a \$50 bill.

"Can't change it?"

"Then we can't trade," and the man started for the door.

"Hold on," said the shoemaker, "perhaps Jones can change it." Jones was the tailor next door. Yes, Jones changed

it, and the customer took the boots and the \$45 change and walked off.

Next day Jones came rushing in, said the bill was a counterfeit, and wanted \$50 from the shoemaker, so although he had given the stranger \$45 and the boots, he was obliged to give the tailor \$50. How much did he loose by the whole transaction?

300.—United Square.

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0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0

The above is formed of three perfect squares and each one has letters common to the others.

Upper square. 1. Pallid. 2. An exclamation of sorrow. 3. A vessel for giving light. 4. To discover.

Middle square. 1. A girl's name. 2. Dress. 3. A break in anything which should be water tight. 4. Requests.

Lower square. 1. Capable. 2. To influence. 3. A young girl. 4. Existence (Latin).

301.—A Vary.

Ex. A nickname, an exclamation and part of a chain (Bob-o-link).

1. A time of darkness, a preposition, and a high wind. 2. A precious metal, the swimming apparatus of a fish, and half of a chosen friend. 3. An addition to a house, and a rude raft. 4. A chicken, a vowel, and a river of Scotland. 5. The fruit of a tree, and the opening of a ship's deck. 6. The voice of a dove and one-third of Diogenes' home. 7. Part of a gunlock, a vowel, and an adverb meaning likewise. 8. To cut, and one half of the verb of existence. 9. A coachman's joy, impoverished, and energy. 10. A girl's nickname, and a special New England dish. 11. To wrap around, and part of a bird. 12. One-third of a monkey, and a sweet-heart. 13. A regal character, and a very humble seafaring man. 14. A place of public traffic, and two-thirds of a public house. 15. A round piece of timber, and a riotous noise. 16. A delightful beverage, and an addition to the house.

302.—I Code.

I.

My first, an apartment.
My second, a metal,
Whole, a laundry utensil.

II.

My first, a cunning animal,
My second, word on the hand,
Whole, a garden flower.

III.

My first, a weapon,
My second, used as a sauce,
Whole, an herb.

From other times.

Dear Children: I do not know what your various opinions are regarding it, but it seems to me that your page to-day is particularly interesting, especially the story (part II) of the pirate Blackbeard, in whose fate I know all of you rejoice. Answers to puzzles are coming in rapidly and, as was the case last month, are in almost every instance, carefully and beautifully prepared, for which let me take the opportunity to thank the senders. With good wishes, Cordially yours, FATHER TIMES.

From other times.

When chirping crickets fainter cry,
And pale stars blossom in the sky,
And twilight's gloom has dimmed the bloom,
And blurred the butterfly;
When locust blossoms fleck the walk,
And up the tiger-lily stalk,
The glow-worm crawls and clings and falls
And glimmers down the garden walls;
When buzzing things with double wings
Of crisp and raspy flutterings,
Go whizzing by so very high,
One thinks of fangs and stings;
Oh, then, within is stilled the din
Of crib she rocks the baby in,
And heart and gate and latch's weight
Are lifted—and the lips of Kate.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Difference.

I.

An institution once there was
Of learning and of knowledge,
Which had upon its high brick front
"Vassar Female College."
The maidens fair could not enjoy
Their bread and milk and porridge,
For graven on the forks and spoons
Was "Vassar Female College."
Tra la, la-la! Tra la, la, la.
'Twas "Vassar Female College."

II.

A strong east wind at last came by
A wind that blew from Norwich;
It tore the "Female" from the sign
That was upon the college,
And as the faculty progressed
In wisdom and in knowledge,
They took the "Female" off the spoons,
As well as off the college.
Tra la, la la! Tra la, la, la.
It now is Vassar College.
—New York Times.

Joe Miller, the Muse, and the Ground-Hog.
"Oh, where is the spring, that mysterious thing?"

Now, ground-hogs, all answer together!
With unanimous shout the ground-hogs sing out,
"Postponed on account of the weather."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

How to Recognize It.

Nedders—"What's a bon mot?"
Slowitz—"Something you always think of after it's too late to say it."—Chicago Record.

Social Triumph.

Mrs. Gossippe—"I hear you attracted much notice on your appearance in the social world abroad."

Mrs. Numoney—"I should say so. I wore on an average from \$20.00 to \$35.00 of diamonds every ball I went to."—From the Chicago Record.